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OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

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G. W. Elliott,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Book and Job Printing

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

POETRY.

THE AMERICAN GIRL'S SONG.

Our hearts are with our native land,
Our song is for her glory;
Her warrior's wreath is in our hands,
Her lips breathe out her story.
Her lofty hills and valleys green
Are shining bright before us—
And like a rainbow sign is seen
Her proud flag waving o'er us.

And there are smiles upon our lips,
For those who meet the foe—
For glory's star knows no eclipse,
When smiling upon the foe.
For those who brave the mighty deep,
And scorn the threat of danger,
We've smiles to cheer, and tears to weep,
For every ocean ranger.

Our hearts are with our native land,
Our song is for her freedom;
Our prayer is for her gallant band,
Who strike where honor leads them.
We love the fearless air we breathe—
'Tis freedom's endless power;
We'll twine for him an endless wreath,
Who seems a tyrant's power.

They tell of France's beauties rare—
Of Italy's proud daughters;
Of Scotland's lassies, England's fair,
And nymphs of Shannon's waters.
We need not boast their haughty charms,
Though lords around them hover;
Our glory lies in Freedom's arms—
A Freeman for a Lover.

THE LIFE CLOCK.

There is a little mystic clock,
No human eye hath seen,
That beateth on—and beateth on,
From morning until e'en.
And when the soul is wrapped in sleep,
And heareth not a sound,
It ticks and ticks the living night,
And never runneth down.

O wondrous is that work of art
Which knows the passing hour,
But art not formed, nor mind conceived,
The life clock's magic power.

Nor set in gold, nor decked with gems,
By wealth and pride possessed;
But rich or poor, or high or low,
Each bears it in his breast.

When life's deep stream, 'mid beds and flowers,
All still and softly glides,
Like the wavelet's steps, with a gentle beat,
It warns of passing tides.

When threatening darkness gathers o'er,
And hope's bright visions flee,
Like the sullen stroke of the muffled oar,
It beateth heavily.

When passion nerves the warrior's arm
For deeds of hate and wrong,
Though heeded not the fearful sound,
The knell is deep and strong.

When eyes to eyes are gazing soft,
And tender words are spoken,
Then fast and wild it rattles on,
As if with love's love broken.

Such is the clock that measures life,
Of flesh and spirit blended;
And thus it twirls within the breast,
Till that strange life is ended.

A BLISTERING REPLY.—Professor Mapes, of New York, according to Clark, of the Knickerbocker Magazine, recently "settled" a lawyer who was cross-examining him while a witness in some case in Court upon a question of personal identity. "What sort of a person was he? Was he young or old? Was he good-looking or ill-looking? Did he look like me, sir, or somebody else? Now, sir, see if you can answer these questions without equivocation," said the lawyer. "Well, sir," said the Professor, "he was a good-looking man; he did not look like you, sir! If he had had a blister plaster on his face the night before, powerful enough to draw a prize in the lottery, his face couldn't have been redder."

A DOCTOR'S JOKE.—A well-known physician, in a certain town, is very much annoyed by an old lady, who is always sure to accost him in the street, for the purpose of telling over her ailments. Once she met him in Broadway, and he was in a very great hurry.

"Ah! I see you are quite feeble," said the doctor; "shut your eyes and show me your tongue."

She obeyed, and the doctor, moving off, left her standing there for some time in this ridiculous position, to the infinite amusement of all who witnessed the funny scene.

CAMP ANECDOTE.—A friend who has just returned from the camp on the Rio Grande, furnishes the following in the manner in which a Dutchman who was on sentry duty, proclaimed the hour. "The usual cry is 'Half-past ten o'clock, and all's well.' The Dutchman had forgotten the precise words, and sung out at the top of his voice—'More as den o'clock, and all is better as goot.'"

THE STORY TELLER.

[From the Saturday Courier.]

PLOTTING AND PLANNING; OR, UNEXPECTED RESULTS.

BY "KATE."

'Where do you spend the summer, Miss Weston?' At the Springs or your quiet country house?

'Oh, the Springs, of course! Really, it seems too dead to banish one's self to the country, after all the gaieties of the past season.'

'So I think; and I've been trying to persuade Robert that it's best to spend a few weeks at Saratoga; but he says Saratoga is too common-place an affair. If we are to journey he prefers the North.'

'Just like him, for all the world. One would think him superannuated, to hear him talk of quietness. For my part, I'm thinking it's time to talk of retirement when one's settled in life, with a due proportion of its responsibilities fastened to one's shoulders.'

'If you could make Robert think so, your sentiments would be of some value. As it is, I fear I shall either move in the country, or, what's worse, pay my court to the Arabs, among the mountains of the North.'

'Let me see?—I'll manage it for you. If your brother has a bit of gallantry, he cannot refuse an invitation from a lady; I'll plan the whole affair in a moment. Brother Charles and I will invite you to accompany us to the Springs. Robert shall join us there, ostensibly to perform the tour of the Lakes. Once there, I'll see to it—he will be in no hurry to change his quarters.'

'Do you think it will be fair to deceive him? He is always ready to consult my pleasure, as far as it is practicable; and I hardly think I ought to connive at such planning.'

'Very conscientious, all of a sudden! Isn't any thing fair in politics—and what's that but woman's tactics. Let me alone for this, if you wish to go, and we'll promise not to preach; you shall find your wish gratified—for once, at least.'

'Well, have it your own way; but if Robert should find out our manoeuvring, I'll not answer for consequences. He despises art, and would as soon smile on the bombast of the witch of Ensenius as countenance deceit in woman, be she ever so pretty.'

'Thanks for your compliments, if you meant your comparison as such—but, never mind. He'll be none the wiser, and you fifty per cent. happier.'

'What arrangements have you made for your wardrobe? Of course you do your prettiest in that line?'

'Am I old and ugly? Ha! ha! ha! Do you think I care so little for impression as that? Not I. Jane Franklin has been with me the past week, and will remain for some time to come. Do you know she is the daughter of Franklin, the merchant, who died so suddenly, some two years since? He was esteemed rich, while he lived, but his affairs turned out sadly. His wife occupies one of father's cottages, and Jane goes out to sewing. In this way they manage to live comfortably. I patronize them because I know Jane possesses an exquisite taste. She was quite a belle in her day, and therefore knows how to study figure, complexion, and so on, and adapt her materials accordingly.'

'Indeed; then you have a treasure. There's Miss Fontain, who pretends to be a connoisseur in the art, yet she makes one a perfect fright.'

'Perhaps I can spare Jane a week, if you think she will suit you.'

'Thank you—do, if you can. But I must away. If our plot succeeds, I have need to be diligent.'

'With a cheerful 'good morning,' our friends separated, the one to expediate her assumed mission—the other to pray for its success.

We may as well here, as anywhere, tell our readers who they have listened to for so long a time. They were the daughters of 'Long Wharf' merchants, educated and accomplished. Not more heartless than the fashionable world, or more selfish than is common to humanity. The influence of association, every body knows, is powerful—and to this influence we are to attribute the difference in the two. 'The end sanctifies the means' was the motto of one, while the other scrupled somewhat to endorse its morality. Not that she exceeded her friend in womanly virtues. Oh, no! But her brother Robert's notions were peculiar, and from his frequent reproofs, she had learned to reflect somewhat upon the propriety, or impropriety, of a fashionable code of morals. Leaving them to make the most favorable impression possible, let us visit Jane Franklin, and listen to the breakfast-table conversation of the mother and daughter, before Jane goes to her daily vocation—

'You are looking pale, Jane; I fear your incessant application is undermining your health. You must take care of yourself.'

'Fie, mother! Love's eyes are sharp, I've heard say, and it must be, yours are keener than usual to perceive indications of ill-health in my face.'

'Nay, my daughter, you are yourself aware of the progressive failure of your strength. Last eve, when you came home, you were completely exhausted, and sitting up so late, after your day of toil, has done but little good.'

'Don't say that, mother. Miss Weston would have been sadly disappointed if I had failed to complete her dress. True, she does not wish to wear it at present, but you know she always wants her things done in season. And, beside, I must calculate my time closely, as she told me yesterday that she thought Miss Bailey would like to have me work for her a week or so.'

'But, my child, you must remember Miss Weston can better afford to be disappointed than you to be ill. Who would labor for you, or what would become of us, were you to overtax yourself so as to produce confirmed ill-health?'

'Remember, dear mother, the sweet words I read to but now—'If God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cut down—will He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith! Have my hands failed me, or has my heart ceased to be strong, since poor father left us to the charities of a cold world? Trust, mother, trust! With patience and prudence, I hope, sometime, to be able to relax my efforts—but that cannot be for the present, you know.'

'God bless my daughter. Such sweet thoughts may well buoy up one's fainting spirits. If you bring home some of your least difficult work, I will try to assist you, as it does not require all my time to arrange our household affairs.'

'My mother a dress-maker! Really, I cannot suffer such competition. I may as well withdraw when you enter the list against me. But I shall be late if I tarry to argue the question, so I good-bye, and a blessing be with you.'

The happy girl threw on her bonnet and shawl, and hastened to fulfil her day's engagement.

Meanwhile, the mother mused long and sadly—the thought of her own happy childhood and youth, of her marriage, and the long years of interrupted pleasure which followed; of her husband's sudden decease, and the subsequent change of their fortune. Her thoughts turned from the past to the future, and her heart died within her, as she anticipated for her beloved child a life of unremitting toil. She had observed her increasing paleness and diminished strength, but forbore to say anything, as she feared her anxiety would but increase her daughter's care to hide her weakness from her. The depth of her sorrow found its relief in tears, as she poured forth her petitions into the ear of Him who heareth the faintest whisper of the stricken heart.

Arrived at Miss Weston's, Jane resumed her labors, and had accomplished a large portion of her morning's work ere Miss W. made her appearance.

'Ah, Jane, here as usual, and busy as ever; see you complete my dress to-night? Yes, I did it. It's beautiful, isn't it? I think you must have attended to your own personal appearance in happier days to be able to judge so tastefully for another.'

A shade passed over the countenance of the sewing girl as she replied—

'I never thought much of dress or any thing else, till I found it necessary. Since then I have studied my art with some success, if your compliments mean anything.'

'Mean anything, Jane! Why you well know I think you have better taste than any other dress-maker in the city. But I'll not flatter you any more, for I see your face begins to redden; and, beside, I must not forget to tell you, I saw Miss Bailey this morning, and she half concludes she will join Charles and I in our trip to the Springs. She thinks she cannot possibly do without you, and I have promised to let you go. Do you think we can accomplish the work we have laid out in less time than we mentioned at the first?'

'I don't know, Miss Weston. My mother objects to my working so late, and I do begin to find my eyes rather troublesome on an evening, after applying myself closely through the day.'

'But you know three weeks is not a great while, and after that you can take sufficient leisure to recruit.'

'Well, I'll try,' said Jane, as she thought 'how little Miss Weston thinks of the necessity which compels me to labor, day by day, weary or not. She said no more, but applied herself with greater diligence, if possible, to her task. Day after day, and night after night, she toiled on, till at length she had the pleasure of seeing the last article finished. True, she had often laid aside her work, in despair at being able to complete it; and as she rested her head upon her hand, the big tears would force themselves through her fingers. Still she gathered up fresh courage, as she thought of her mother, and labored on.

'Who is the sewing girl you are employing, sister?' said Robert Bailey.

'Her name is Jane Franklin, a girl that Miss Weston recommended. But why do you ask? or, rather, I might ask, where have you seen her?'

'O, I never saw her till this morning; I was passing up as she came in, and could not help remarking she was very beautiful.'

'Jane Franklin! beautiful! That's one of your queer fancies, Robert. Why, she is pale and thin, and that, perhaps, makes her appear interesting; but to say she is beautiful, is almost a libel upon her sex.'

'Well, Bob, she me for damages if you will, but I must still say I think her one of the most beautiful girls I ever saw.'

'Fie, Robert, to love already. Who would have thought the staid, sober, unobtrusive Robert Bailey, would be so desperately smitten at first sight, and that, too, with a dress-maker?'

'Her profession has nothing to do with her beauty; and, beside, what is Robert but a tradesman. I don't see why it should be beneath the dignity of a woman to labor if it be needful.'

'If those distinctions are founded in justice, not otherwise. Perhaps Jane Franklin has been as delicately trained as my own fair sister. Perhaps there are hearts as tenderly bound to her, as ever beat in human bosom. And may be, her soul has been purified in the furnace of af-

fliction, till the dross of earthly selfishness is all consumed. At any rate, I mean to know her better.'

'For once, I am happy to say I can be your informer. Her father died very suddenly about two years ago, leaving his family in a very destitute condition. He had maintained them in affluence, and it is half suspected that the derangement of his affairs hastened his end. Since then they have occupied one of Mr. Weston's houses, and Jane manages to support herself and mother.'

'Noble girl—she is an honor to New England, though I am not quite sure her race is extinct. Cultivate a friendship for her, Bob. She is worthy of it; and hark ye, manage for me, as I would like to know her better.'

'Well, Robert, I'm ready to bargain with you. If you'll accept this invitation from Charles and Lucy Weston, I'll make a smooth path for your acquaintance with Jane.'

'Agreed. But no—let me see what it is, first. Ah, an invitation to join them in a tour of the Lakes. Yes, I'll do it. You go with them to the Springs, if you like, as I see you are bent upon it—and when I am ready I will call for you. And now remember your promise. Mind, though, Jane is to know nothing of my wish; I am to inform her of that myself.'

'Never fear me, Robert; you'll be sick enough of your folly, without my exposing you to the ridicule of such a person.'

'Bel Bailey hastened to her friend to inform her of the success of their plan.

'Robert has consented, with but a single proviso.'

'Ah, what is that?'

'Why, nothing more more less than an introduction to Jane Franklin.'

'Jane Franklin! Is it possible! The man is beside himself!'

'So I told him; but he seemed to think he was as much in his right mind as ever.'

'That's not saying much; begging your pardon for such a remark about your brother, he is certainly the drollest man I ever knew. But you did not consent to it?'

'Of course I did. Don't you see, the disease will cure itself. Had I refused, he would have insisted, and perhaps declared he would have his way at all events. So, by consenting, his opposition was not roused, and I dare say if he has not already forgotten the whole affair, he will soon.'

'Don't flatter yourself with such a conclusion. A man like your brother has a reason for his actions; and let me tell you it will end quite differently from what you anticipate.'

'Do you think so? Then perhaps you are like Robert in your notions; for he says society in large is governed by very false principles. He thinks the petty distinctions of social position should be abolished. And, perhaps, this is his first step in the carrying out in practice the notions he has advocated.'

'Not so, exactly. True, I always felt differently towards Jane, than any other workman I ever employed, but I must say I am not fully prepared to meet her on terms of equality. But I will not talk of such a thing. Get Robert among the gaieties of Saratoga—and I'll risk it; but he will be sufficiently entangled in some of its plots, to put Jane Franklin out of his head as well as his heart.'

I am loth to say it, but the suspicion half crowds itself upon the mind that Lucy Weston had some designs upon Robert personally. Be that as it may, she had sufficient tact to keep it to herself, while she labored more assiduously than ever to expedite matters.'

Bel fulfilled her engagement to introduce her brother—after which he took care to manage matters to suit himself. The friends left Boston for Saratoga, giving Robert strict charge to join them as early as possible—which charge he readily agreed to fulfil. There is no necessity of your following them on the route, or even looking in upon them, as they quietly settled themselves at the 'United States.'

We will follow the fortunes of Jane, who, all unconscious of the ado she had excited, was performing her daily round of duties. After her engagement with Miss Bailey, she found herself too unwell to apply herself very closely to her occupation. By a mother's earnest entreaties she was induced to favor herself more than she thought her circumstances would warrant, yet hoped to make amends when her strength was fully recovered. If at any time she felt disposed to despond, she nerved herself anew to the burdens of life, by frequent draughts on 'the unfailing bank of faith in the divine promises;' and meekly submitting all things to the guidance of her Heavenly Father, she found the assertion true—'My grace is sufficient for thee.'

One evening, as Jane and her mother were quietly seated at their work, they were interrupted by a rap.

'Some of the neighbors probably,' said Jane, as she ran to the door—but on opening it, who should it be but Robert Bailey.

'Pardon me,' said he, 'for this intrusion. I have long waited a sufficient excuse for calling, but am forced to confess in vain. So I have ventured this evening to do so without such an apology, unless you will accept an invitation to a lecture to-morrow evening as such?'

'Mr. Bailey needs no apology, I am sure,' said Mrs. Franklin, as he quietly seated himself beside her. 'I have long known you by reputation, and am happy to be favored with the opportunity of an acquaintance. As for Jane, I dare say she would esteem it a luxury to go out of an evening, as it has been a long time since she has enjoyed the pleasure. We laborers, and especially those who are alone in life, are obliged to forego many of the luxuries of intellect, from the want of proper attendance.'

'I shall esteem myself highly favored if she see fit to accept the invitation,' said Robert, bowing, and instantly averting his eyes as he caught the shadow of a deep blush creeping over her face and neck.

'It has been so long since I have been one that I have nearly forgotten the customs of a ple,' said Jane; 'and if Mr. Bailey will excuse—'

'No excuse, if you please—that is, unless, will allow me to come here and spend the evening with you,' said he; and half frightened by her boldness, he appealed to Mrs. F. for aid. The matter was finally arranged, Mr. Bailey, at ten o'clock, desultory conversation, Mr. Bailey, at ten o'clock, promising, however, that the route not be his last visit.

The morrow came, and with a deal causing Jane prepared herself to accompany Mr. Bailey. She felt fearful lest she should be gazed by some of her old acquaintances at her present humble condition, she would call it otherwise. However, the respectability of Bailey was unquestionable, and to appear under his protection would shield her from importunence. Poor child! she had forgotten that her changed condition had wrought a corresponding change in her personal appearance; and but few would be able to recognize in her pale face the features of the once gay Jane Franklin of former times.

On their way to the lecture, Robert managed to tell Jane his motives for seeking a further acquaintance; assured her of his deep interest, and premature as it might seem, begged her to grant him the right to protect her through life. Such language from one like him, Jane felt uncalled for, and at first doubted his sincerity. But it does not take long to persuade a woman she is beloved—and especially when such professions from one whose honor is unquestioned. 'That a heart so tried as hers had been, gladly fled for refuge to so holy a resting place we will not dispute.'

The preliminaries for a permanent settlement were soon arranged, and Robert wrote his sister that she might expect him in just three weeks, adding that some of her old acquaintances would accompany him.

'Who can it be?' thought Bel.

'And who can it be?' said Miss Weston. Their curiosity remained ungratified, however, till the coach door opened, and Mrs. Franklin and Jane, now Mrs. Bailey, stepped out. Of course there was some surprise, and a due proportion of exclamations, but Bell did not faint, and Miss Weston go off in hysterics, though they did not.

A happier company never made a tour of the Lakes; and during one of their moonlight rambles, Bell and Lucy W. ventured to tell Robert of the plan which had been laid to entrap him—while, with profound gratitude, he thanked them for his happy fulfilment. Reader—my story is finished.

A BUTTERFLY'S MORAL.—A boy, on perceiving a beautiful butterfly, was so smitten with its gaudy colors, that he pursued it from flower to flower with indefatigable zeal; at first he attempted to surprise it among the leaves of a rose; then he endeavored to cover it with his hat as it was feeding on a daisy; now he hoped to secure it as it revelled on a sprig of myrtle; and now grew sure of his prize on perceiving it to loiter on a bed of violets; but the fickle fly still eluded his attempts. At last, observing it half buried in the cup of a tulip, he rushed forward, and, snatching at the object of his pursuit with violence, it was crushed to pieces. The dying insect, perceiving the boy chagrined at his disappointment, addressed him, with the utmost calmness, in the following words—'Behold, now, the end of thy unprofitable solicitude; and learn, for the benefit of thy future life, that pleasure, like a painted butterfly, may serve to amuse thee in the pursuit; but if embraced with too much ardor, will perish in thy grasp.'

A person threw the head of a goose on to the stage of the Bellville Theatre. Cotru, advancing to the front, said—'Gentlemen, if any one amongst you has lost his head, do not be uneasy, for I will restore it at the conclusion of the performance.'

A HUR AT SOSTENOV.—An exchange paper remarks that, in these days, 'a poor man's earnings, brought home day by day, are carried out of the house on the backs of his daughters.'

'OUR FIRST MEN.'—A correspondent of the Boston Transcript repudiates the ordinary applications of the above expression, in a strain of wholesome rebuke, of which the following is an extract—

'Respectability, among us, is too generally estimated by dollars and cents, whilst the true philosophy of human nature—all that should raise a man amongst the first of his race, is quite overlooked or forgotten. What is the first attribute of a man? We answer a spiritual, moral, and intellectual nature, and if the culture of such pre-eminent qualifications, does not raise him in the world's estimation—if, on the contrary, a mere money-making faculty is to be the mark of promotion, whilst the mind and the heart are a moral waste, an intellectual nudity—alack-a-day, for our first men.'

The highest excellence is seldom attained in more than one vocation. The roads leading to distinction in separate pursuits diverge, and the nearer we approach the one, the further we recede from the other.

Dr. DAM-MANN marries people in Baltimore.

Every day's mail brings us, in the lesser whig

We ask the people, in choosing which party they will trust, to read these manifestoes of whiggery and feeling which we give below. They will show to every honest man's entire conviction, how desperate and reckless a faction the whigs are at this party of days past, has now become.

Of course, from these declarations, we should not be surprised that the whig party, driven to despair by the success of the administration, and the triumph of the people, should have been so far from progressing in their measures, but at last have been obliged to cut loose from the people, and to turn back to the old policy of the Union, as held at Paris, the cardinal interests of our federal Union, and the simplest and most elemental principles of justice and national policy. It is not too much to say, in sober strictness of speech, that

June 18
The New York Courier and Enquirer openly avows its desire that a national debt of 150,000,000 of dollars should be fastened upon the country in order to secure a permanent tariff of *specific duties and minimums*! Here is the Courier's language:

The National Intelligencer avows, in the strongest terms, its approbation of ANY BRITISH INTERVENTION to settle our controversy with Mexico. A greater outrage on all true Americans can feeling has probably never been perpetrated by an American journal. Viewed in all its aspects, and in connexion with the whole course of the Intelligencer in relation to our foreign policy, this declaration rivals, if it does not surpass in odiousness, the worst atrocities of the federal press in 1812. Here is the Intelligencer's shameful language. Let it be kept before the people as the manifest of the whig mercantile journal—the

But the Boston Courier, a whig journal of the very highest standing in Massachusetts, possessing, undoubtedly, the unimpaired confidence of the whig party there, goes even beyond this declaration of the Intelligencer. It affirms that **OUR UNION IS WHOLLY WORTHLESS**, *that it has no advantage to the free States, and that "the flag of dissolution" is the banner under which the whigs ought at once to rally.*—Here is the Boston Courier's language. Let us receive the sober attention of the people:

tion was still, however, far too great to be calculated. We wish Mr. Hillard had gone a little further, and stated wherein this *far-too-great-to-be-calculated* value consists; and we hope he will avail himself of the use of some of the news-paper presses—ours is always at his service—to give such desirable information to his fellow-citizens. FOR OUR OWN PART, WE SEE NO ADVANTAGE THAT THE FREE STATES DERIVE FROM THE UNION. To the slaveholders, we admit, it may be of value; for it gives them the supremacy in the national legislature, and consequently they make just such laws as they desire for their own peculiar interests, without regard to the interests of the free States.

"It is *preposterous folly* for northern men to talk of the *ratu* of the Union. They must make up their minds to one of two things; they must submit to be governed by slave-owners, or break up this Union, which operates so unbecomingly, and has already destroyed every fragment of political equality. If to talk of the latter appeal the hearts of our young men, and shatter the nerves of the old ones, let them choose the former, and forever hereafter hold their peace. There is no alternative; and the sooner you hoist the flag of *dissolution*, or bend your knee to a negro-dictator to straddle your back and tickle your sides with his whip, the sooner you will cease to feel the solicitude and responsibility of a FREE MAN."

Comment upon all this cannot be needed.—We have put the text before the people. Let them read it, and then judge for themselves which is the national party of this country—the democratic or the whig party? With which of these parties are our institutions safe? And to which of them will a patriotic people intrust the administration of its government?

The Mexican question has become one of too absorbing an interest to drop at once.

But as soon as it became apparent to the whigs that the administration were gaining popularity and that the war, judging from the glorious victories of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, would result creditably to Mr. Polk and his cabinet, a system of petty carping at the policy of the administration was got up all over the country by the whig journals and whig politicians who were evidently afraid that the administration would gain too much popularity by the Mexican war.

From secret information, derived from a citizen of the United States resident in Mexico, to the effect, that that country was desirous of peace, the President applied to Congress for an appropriation to enable him to enter into negotiations; an appropriation that was absolutely necessary for the purpose of treating about lasting peace. The negotiation was proposed in pursuance of the very policy that the whigs had previously clamored against the President for not adopting. But immediately the measure was introduced into Congress, the leading whigs attacked it, and it was finally defeated by Mr. John Davis, a Senator from Massachusetts.

We have exhausted our peace policy with Mexico. It is now time to strike a blow that will induce her to listen to reason.

Although indifferent to the opinions of European governments, we are, nevertheless, glad that the President has not left in the power of the most peace-loving of them to cavil with our treatment with Mexico. We have shown in our treatment of that nation, an example of forbearance unprecedented in the history of any country. We find that our forbearance tends but to prolong the war, and we must now fight to conquer peace.

By this opportunity we have likewise received the proclamation of Commodore Shoat, commanding the Pacific squadron, to the inhabitants of California, on his taking possession of that province, &c.

To the inhabitants of California :

I declare to the inhabitants of California that although I come in arms, with a powerful force, I do not come among them as an enemy to California, but on the contrary, I come as the best friend, as henceforward California will be a portion of the United States, and its peaceable inhabitants will enjoy the same rights and privileges as the citizens of any other portion of that nation, with all the rights and privileges thereof now enjoyed; together with the privilege of choosing their own magistrates and other officers, and the administration of justice among themselves, and the same protection will be extended to them as to any other State of the Union: they will also enjoy a permanent government, under which life, property, and the constitutional rights and lawful security to worship the Creator in a way most congenial to each one's sense of duty, will

With the great interest and kind feelings which the government and people of the United States possess towards the citizens of California the country cannot but improve more rapidly than any other on the continent of America.

With full confidence in the honor and integrity of the inhabitants of the country, I invite the judges, alcaldes, and other civil officers, to retain their offices, and to execute their functions as heretofore, that the public tranquility may not be disturbed, at least, until the government of the territory can be more definitely arranged.

All provisions and supplies of every kind, furnished by the inhabitants for the use of the United States' ships or troops, will be paid for at fair rates, and no private property will be taken for public use without just compensation at the

In our columns of to-day will be found a letter which gives all of much interest.

It appears there is something in the atmosphere that creates a propensity to lie; I would therefore advise you to pay no attention to what you may learn from those who have visited the city or the country. — B. S. (see page 10)

General Kearney has hung our flag in front of the palace, where it proudly floats, but not very high; he was not able to get a very long staff for it; but he has had twenty men at work several days making one, and will next week have one that will be highly creditable to us. The General's quarters are those formerly occupied by the governor, in the palace. Captain Turner took me through this establishment, and showed me all the internal arrangements. It was very spacious and well arranged; but there

The Machine Rangers are doing well. Major Sammers—under whose immediate command we are—speaks in high terms of us. There are several who are very anxious to be discharged. They have found out that war, or a trip to Sam Fe as a soldier, is no pleasant trip. However on the whole, I think they have done remarkably well.

From the districts which we have heard from in the State, seven Democrats, four Whigs, and one Abolitionist have been chosen. There are 32 districts in which there is no choice, and 14 not yet heard from. The House now stands 33 Democrats, 52 Whigs and Abolitionists. Last week we reported Democrats elected in Unity, Burbank and Knox, and the Madawaska districts. Subsequently we were informed that no choice was effected in these districts at the first trial.

LATER FROM GEN. TAYLOR—NO BATTLE YET.—New Orleans papers of Sept. 30th have Galveston dates of the 23th, but though some later intelligence from Gen. Taylor and his army had been received at that place, it does not include anything of direct importance. Gen. Taylor was reported to be within a few miles of Monterey, with 8000 troops, and Ampudia in his rear, pursuing with 15,000.

It is further reported that Messrs. John Shidell and W. L. Parrott are to be sent on to accompany Gen. Taylor as peace commissioners, to treat with the Mex-

